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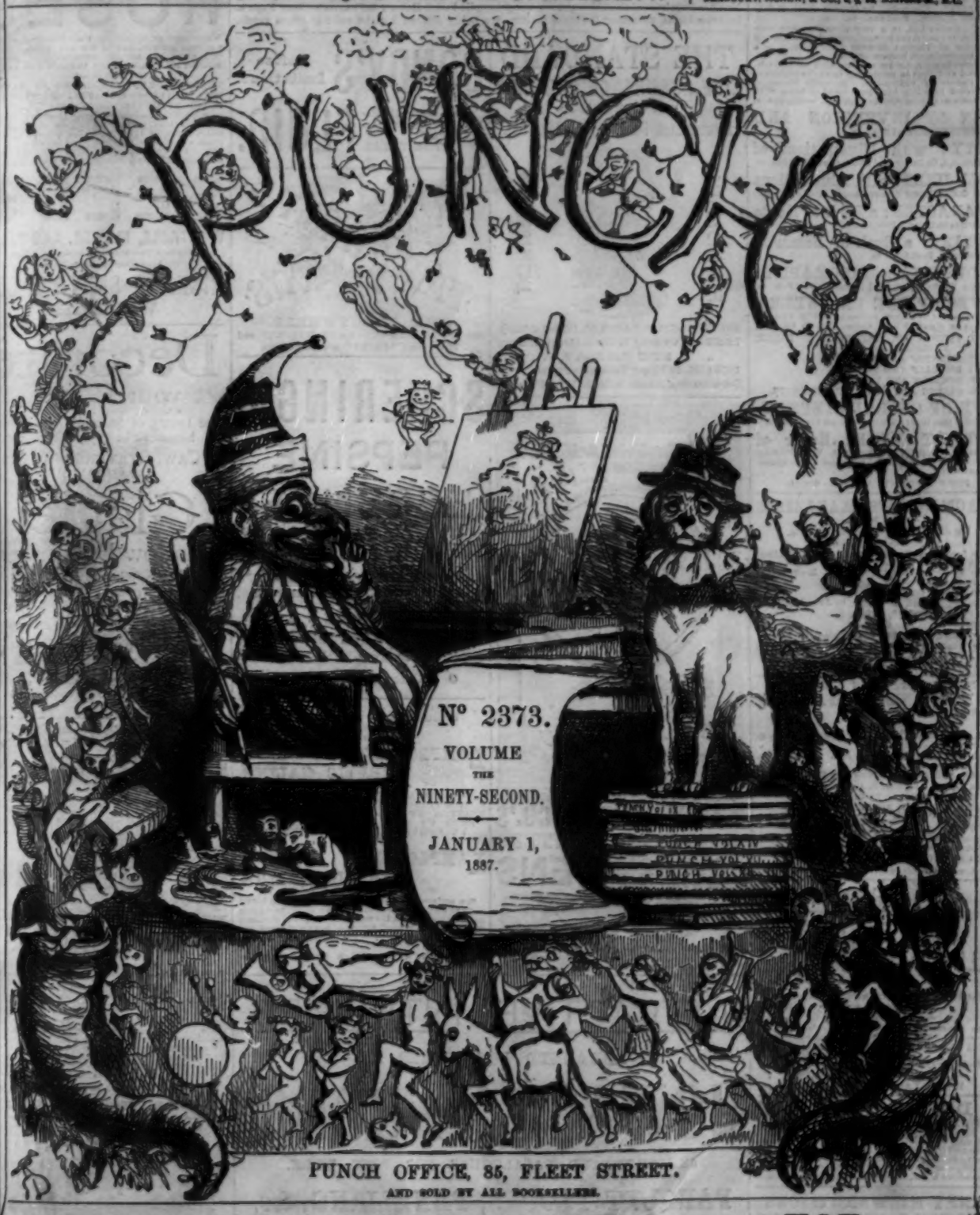

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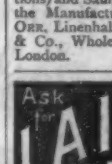

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WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.—That there may be no further opposition to my excellent scheme for an Imperial Institute. That *Mr. Punch* and myself may agree on every subject.

Lord Salisbury.—That HARTINGTON will listen to reason,' and that every blessing may light on my dear RANDOLPH's head.

Lord Hartington.—Wish RANDOLPH hadn't spoilt my holiday. Wish I hadn't been born an hereditary politician.

Mr. Parnell.—That my friends in Ireland will in future leave *me* to fix on the "plan of campaign."

The Czar.—That the Powers would unanimously accept KATKOFF as Prince of Bulgaria, so that I could have a few hours' peace in my own dominions.

The Prince of Mingrelia.—That the CZAR would let me go off quietly to Monte Carlo, instead of Sophia.

Mr. Justice Butt.—That the Divorce Court may be turned into a Camera Obscura.

Mr. Gladstone.—That the SULTAN had given *me* that diamond cigar-case instead of CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Labouchere.—That the G. O. M. may be led to see the value of my constant support by the time he is making up his next Cabinet.

Mr. Chamberlain.—That I may get the Premiership.

Mr. Morley.—I wish he may get it.

Lord R. Churchill.—That those idiotic London Members really knew something of the public opinion they are supposed to represent, and that I had never been led by them into an unpopular crusade against the Coal and Grain Dues.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen.—That I had never set eyes on South Kensington!

The Governor of Kilmainham.—That the Nationalist platform may always contain a plank-bed as one item.

Sir Charles Warren.—That not a single aggrieved citizen during the whole twelvemonth may have reason to think that the Force is no remedy.

Mr. Punch, for the whole British Public.—That the year may contain as few Society scandals, prosecutions of Irish leaders, Parliamentary wrangles, All-night Sittings, Trafalgar Square Meetings, Prize-fights, East Winds, Burglaries, and Bye-Elections as is consistent with the continued and unimpaired existence of the British Constitution.

ANOTHER "NEW DEPARTURE."—Lord RANDOLPH's from the Cabinet.

THE MYSTERY OF GREAT PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

THE only newspaper, as far as we are aware, that published the startling news of Lord RANDOLPH's resignation last Thursday morning was the *Times*. So for once not even the most Ultra-Liberal or Radical journal was in advance of the *Times*. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was so astonished that it thought the Jupiter must have been hoaxed, and sent an Interviewer post haste to Lord RANDOLPH. But the ex-Chancellor was too wary a bird to be caught, and the *P.M.G.* Young Man had to be content with interviewing Lord RANDOLPH's Secretary. Who gave the *Times* the private and confidential tip? Was it RANDOLPH himself? Anyhow the *Times* was *not* hoaxed, though it was "taken in" everywhere and by everybody that morning.

To Lovers of a Good Dinner.

"CIVILISED man cannot live without dining," sings Lord LYTTON. Still less can half-civilised children. If, however, any *bon-vivant*, who happens to have a good heart as well as a good digestion, wishes to know what pleasure can be got out of dining, let him take a turn at the Mission Room in Clerkenwell Close, where Mr. J. A. GNOOM, Superintendent of the Flower Girls' Mission and Brigade, on Wednesdays and Thursdays supplies halfpenny hot meat dinners to hundreds of poor children. A Halfpenny Hot Meat Dinner! If that is not a "good" dinner, what is? Failing a personal visit, the next best thing the *bon-vivant* can do is to send a representative—in the shape of a handsome contribution to the Mission's funds. A guinea will give a dinner to 504 poor children! Spare as many guineas as possible; send some to Nazareth House for the poor old folks at home there, and you will have done something worthy of the title of the real *Bon-Vivant*, with an emphasis on the "*bon*."

"DAYS WITH SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY" (MACMILLAN).—In our notice of this charmingly got-up and most seasonable book we omitted to mention the name of the Artist, Mr. HUGH THOMSON, whose work does so much to enhance the value of the selections. But why did we omit it? Because we could not find it, where, as we contend, it ought to have been, on the title-page facing the frontispiece, which, by the way, is not at all a fair specimen of his work throughout the volume. After careful search right through the book, we discovered it at last where we might have looked at first, modestly recorded on a sort of fly-page at the commencement. Quite an unexpected pleasure, and delighted to meet him anywhere. It is also emblazoned on the cover, but the cover of our copy was itself protected by a paper wrapper, which as it happened we did not remove. This explanation is simple and satisfactory.

MR. PUNCH'S PARTY.

NEW Year's Eve! The eve of the Jubilee Year!

A merry party is assembled in the Palace of *Punch*. It is something like a Party, *Punch's* Own Party, embracing the pick of all parties. And they are enjoying themselves tremendously!

"Look here, Markiss," cries the host, "don't you' *entirely* monopolise our Hermit of Hawarden. His opinion on CARNARVON's latest Homeric effort is doubtless superlatively interesting; but he hasn't given us a song yet. Years ago he used to be great at Nigger Minstrelsy. What shall it be, WILLIAM? Your old favourite, '*Camp-Town Races*,' or '*The Whole Hog or None*'?"

"Why," says the ex-Premier, modestly, putting up his shirt collars, which have become a trifle limp in the course of the evening ("O-limpy-'uns," RANDOLPH is heard to murmur, with that air of resignation which he has recently assumed), "if you *don't* mind, I'd *rather* give you my friend Lord TENNYSON's '*Hands all Round*,' which JOHN BRIGHT has set to music, and HARTINGTON says it just suits my voice." Whereat HARTINGTON nods pleasantly.

Producing from some mysterious pocket a small bottle, containing his patent Vocal Vaseline, he takes, as JOHN MORLEY facetiously expresses it, "a suck at the lemon," and then strikes up this latest composition. *Such* a chorus! JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN puts in a pretty "seconds." ("If he'd only do it as nicely at St. Stephen's, what harmony we should have!" whispers LABBY to GOSCHEN, who is beating time blandly with a cracker bon-bon.) Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT brings in his *basso profondo* at the wrong places, and only finds out his mistake when his leader frowns him down. Then he subsides, and tries to catch the tune occasionally, but fails. RANDOLPH's tenor comes out well, but Lord CROSS's alto is a trifle feeble, owing, he says, to the change of weather. Lord GRANVILLE hums an accompaniment, and PARNELL executes a few variations on the original theme. MORLEY has got an idea of the tune, but he's a trifle too sharp. BROADHURST wishes he had brought the marrow-bones and cleavers with him, but, failing that, he beats time on his knees. Then RANDOLPH volunteers "*The Army and Navy for ever! Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!*" arranged as a trio for himself, W. H. SMITH, and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON. Everybody delighted.

"Bravo, all!" cries *Mr. Punch*. "'May differences of opinion never alter friendship' is an old-fashioned sentiment. You will

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

[MURRAY wrote to Lord BYRON in 1816, about his idea of starting a "monthly literary journal." The first number of *Murray's Magazine*, has just appeared. December, 1886.]

HERE'S the *Fortnightly*, *Cornhill* too,
Likewise *The National Review*, *Macmillan's*,—yet one more, brand new, Our MURRAY!

With "'letters, essays, epigram, Facts, travels, characters,' I am About my Magazine to cram," Wrote MURRAY!

In 1816—date you fix—
Your Magazine projected—*nix*—
But here's, in eighteen eighty-six, Our MURRAY!

'Tis here! The Magazine 's begun, Yes! The first number is well done. You've "taken care of Number one," My MURRAY!

"*Byroniana*"—eh?—unless You've something startling,—but we guess
You know what's what. *Punch* drinks success, To MURRAY!

LORD RANDOLPH'S RESIGNATION.—"Dear, dear! most annoying! He has no consideration for *us!*" exclaim all the purveyors and compilers of Diaries, Almanacks, and Pocket-books for 1887. We haven't yet seen *Whitaker's*. But if his invaluable work should happen to be a trifle late, it will have the pull over all the others by coming out with the "C'rrect Card." But it is too bad of RANDOLPH—he might have waited.

CHRISTMAS-BOX "A SURPRISE."

NEW TOY PRESENTED TO LORD SALISBURY.

NEWS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[It is announced that Mr. BENTLEY will publish Mr. SALA'S Autobiography early in the New Year.]

WHAT! the long promised, long looked for, at last,
Coming ere Spring her green mantle hath cast [Year?
Over the fields of the Jubilee
That is a thought to make Winter less drear.
SALA'S own Autobiography coming?
This will set gossips and *gourmets* all humming.
Everyone will be expectant, with reason. [the Season!
Surely it should be *the* Book of
We shall look out for it eagerly, trust us.
Health and a Happy New Year, GEORGE AUGUSTUS!

CHRISTMAS "Mummers" is the name of the new Society for "Botanic Beer" drinking, started by the EX-M.P. who lately wrote to the *Times*, stating that this beverage is a composition called "Mum," by which MR. GLADSTONE, in the "Budget and Mum" time, "found himself completely floored." It's another sort of Mumm in magnums that might do this. Anyhow "Botanic Beer" might have some association with "Flora."

AN UNPOETIC LINE.—This is evidently the proposed Lake District Railway. Mr. HILLS wrote strongly to the *Times* last week against this new measure, which is more akin to prose than poetry. It is in the fitness of things that Lakes should be defended by Hills.

agree to differ among yourselves, professionally; but, Gentlemen, remember there is One Party to which you all belong, which is not the First, or the Fourth, or the Fifth Party, but it is before all Parties, and it is *Punch's* Party. ('*Hear! hear!*') In this Party there will be no splits—except of brandies-and-sodas. (*Loud applause.*) Remember, Gentlemen, I disdain all partisanship. (*Great enthusiasm, especially from Lord Salisbury and Lord Cross.*) Irrespective of parties, I consult the public good. When I laugh I shake not one side only, but both sides. (*Cheers.*) You must all, as Lord CROSS has just whispered to me, be prepared to take the chaff with the wit." ('*Oh! oh!*') Do not let such a pun disturb the harmony. Lord CROSS's health. (*Drunk enthusiastically.*) We will not call upon him to return thanks. (*Laughter, during which Lord Cross re-filled his tumbler from the flowing bowl.*) A good example. Glasses round. The solemn moment approaches. The last toast of the Old Year is 'Our Differences.' (*Drunk in solemn silence. Big Ben strikes midnight. The Punch bowl blazes. The Bells ring joyously and jubileeishly.*) And now with the first minute of the New Year let our Jubilee Toast be Her Imperial Majesty 'THE QUEEN!'"

[*Drunk with six times six, Mr. Parnell calling for another cheer, and Mr. Morley giving it.*

"And next my Lords and Gentlemen, the Prince of WALES, the PRINCESS (bless her!) and the rest of the Royal Family."

[*Received with enthusiastic cheering.*

"And lastly the final toast of this particular meeting, '*Mr. Punch's* Party, and no Politics!'" [*Thundering cheers.*

"And now, Gentlemen," said *Mr. Punch*, lighting another cigar, "the night is young, so is the year. Give your orders, the waiter's in the room. We won't go home till morning——"

All (*in chorus*). We won't go home till morning!

Lord Cross (*enthusiastically waving his spectacles*). We won't go home at all!

Everybody (*with enthusiastic unanimity turning to Mr. Punch, and uplifting glasses and voices*):—For he's a jolly good fellow! And so say all of us!

[*After this the sitting partook of a strictly private character, and called for no further remark.*

WORTH CONSIDERATION.

ALTHOUGH the voice of Kensington on the subject of the supplemental charter to Albert Hall is to be heard by means of a BRAYE—which has an unfortunate sound—yet, like the utterance of BALAAM'S inspired animal, it speaks the words of wise warning. Shall the Albert Hall and the Gardens become a Cremorneries? this is the question. With Olympia at Addison Road, with Buffalo BILL'S Show at Earl's Court (about Easter-time), and the Exhibition re-opened, the Kensingtonians will not have to complain of lack of amusement, whatever else they may have to grumble about.

Now, be it understood that, if a Cremorne be a necessity, *Mr. Punch* is not opposed to it, as long as it does not pretend to be a scientific exhibition, and so sneak in under a disguise. His Royal Highness's Councillors having settled their scheme for the Imperial Institute, a scheme on which *Mr. Punch* can congratulate H.R.H., the Kensington site will no longer be required for a Cremorneries. So *Mr. Punch* ventures to point out that there is plenty of space, and to spare, for Cremorneries in the interior of Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and St. James's Park. Why should not central spaces in these localities be put up to the highest bidder, who could sub-let the ground to showmen and Restaurateurs, so that we should have a kind of Champs Elysées in Hyde Park with a Café des Ambassadeurs, and such like places, open in the summer for dining, and for concerts, and music-hall performances afterwards, and in the day-time for luncheon? The same sort of fair could be arranged in Regent's Park. The People's Caterer would undertake the amusements in Battersea Park; and there would be bands playing throughout the day in all the Cremorneries.

Place all the details under the capable management of Sir SOMERS VINE and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD; call the Shows collectively the "Summer Vineries," and start with the Spring: the better the spring the better the start. Such a scheme as this would enliven London, relieve Kensington from a plethora of amusements, and fairly distribute the pleasure-seeking crowd.

A CHILDREN'S TREAT.—Take them to a *Matinée* of *Alice in Wonderland* at the Prince of Wales's. More anon.

MEMOIRS OF A SECRET MISSION.

(Extracted from the Diary of BYTO, *M.P.)*

ANTA, Saturday. — This Gaeta a charming place. The Bay might well compete with that of Naples for beauty of situation; but it is the town itself that is unique in interest. The Guide-book has little to say about it, and tourists are rarely seen within its ancient gates. It is very old, was a free city with its own Doge, down to the 12th century, taking its full share in the wars of the period. (Sorry the Doge is dead; should like to have interviewed him and recruited him with the rest. But he is no more.) Can only walk about the streets he once passed through in splendour. Such streets! about the width of an ordinary dining-table, flanked on either side by lofty houses budding into balconies at all kinds of unexpected places. For the ten centuries these streets have existed, the sun has never touched the pavement. There is all about a genial green mouldiness, which must be very refreshing when, in July or August, the sun is beating down upon the rock round which Gaeta has twined itself.

Naples, Saturday.—The voyage from Civita Vecchia to Gaeta was, by reason of fine weather, enchanting. That from Gaeta to Naples was even better—a perfect day, with the blue Mediterranean just rippled with a breath of wind, and all the hills that sentinel the mainland standing clear out under the cloudless sky. Yet another beautiful day, and we crossed the Bay in the steam-launch, landed at Torre del Annunziata, and drove through the narrow, crowded streets to peaceful Pompeii. Worth a long journey to stand for awhile in the streets of this silent city; could almost imagine that the inhabitants had quitted it but yesterday. Some of them, however, we saw lying in the Museum by the entrance gate, prone as they fell eighteen hundred years ago. Strangely human they look, their faces so well preserved that, doubtless, if the Wandering Jew were about, and had personally known them in Pompeii, he would be able to identify them. Evidently a luxurious race the Pompeiians, with a shrewd notion of making themselves comfortable. Barring the little tendency to accident, the site of the city is one of the most beautiful in the world, with its peep of the sea, and its amphitheatre of hills, prominent amongst them Vesuvius, smoking with a deliberate air of unconcern, in passive denial of having had anything to do with the present roofless state of the city.

Naples, a busy place, with no footpaths to speak of. The principal thoroughfares densely crowded; have to walk in the roadway; rather awkward, owing to peculiar method cabmen have of inviting custom. If they see anyone walking in the roadway who looks as if he had a franc in his pocket, they drive down upon him full speed, skilfully bringing the horse's head over his shoulder, and the near shaft into the small of his back. If he wants a cab, you know, there it is; if he don't, the man turns off in search of business elsewhere. This has its conveniences, but grows monotonous by the time you have walked the full length of the Chiaja, or the Via di Roma. One other street habit I notice, more desirable for importation to London. The morning and afternoon milk is brought to the door of the customers by the animals themselves. The milkman drives his goats their daily round, the customer produces a jug, and not only pays for his milk, but, to quote a familiar injunction, "sees that he gets it." To-day we saw a number of turkeys being driven up a street. The Sailing-master says they are worked upon the same principle. The proprietor knocks at the door, inquires if eggs are wanted. If he gets an order for two, or half a dozen, the turkeys lay them, and pass on their round. I did not see this done myself.

Have seen CHAPLIN and HARTINGTON, and arranged for them an interview with the Prince of MONACO. Rather a picturesque rendezvous. Have to be very careful, since we are constantly watched by the reporters. Our Chief has assumed the name of "Mr. BISHOP," and looks very well in pair of blue spectacles. Wears a long cloak, after the Italian manner. HARTINGTON, who travels as "Mr. CAVENDISH," wears his hat on the back of his head, keeps his hand out of his trouser pocket, assumes a jerky walk, and is consequently thoroughly disguised. We met at the foot of Vesuvius on the stroke of midnight. Mr. CAVENDISH said it was "bosh!" but our Chief, flinging the flap of his cloak over right shoulder (as he has seen the Italian officers do), said mustn't omit any precaution. Chief seems certain that he has secured HARTINGTON. Professes not to care about CHAMBERLAIN or GOSCHEN.

To-morrow we set off for Messina, Palermo, thence to Venice, and eastward through the Isles of Greece to the Golden Horn. If I succeed in my endeavour to see the Doge of Venice, I'll write again.

"THE CROCODILE."

FROM what I have read in the *Daily News*,
Of this new piece of Mister SARDOU's,
I think *The Crocodile* is, *sans doute*,
Adapted from the *Overland Route*.
What! adapt from English! that can't be true
Of any French author, eh? SARDOU?
But it seems very like it, unless we say,
That both had worked from an older play.
And this suspicion won't be removed,
Until the contrary be proved.

A GOOD BUTLER IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

MR. PUNCH congratulates Mr. TOOLE upon his new situation at his own Theatre, which suits him to a tea. Naturally it must, because

"Allow me! Miss Linden and Miss Vanbrugh,—our Novice."

it comes between his early dinner and his late supper. Mr. and Mrs. HERMAN MERIVALE call their play a Domestic Comedy, and they have not chosen this description inappropriately, as assuredly the "Domestic" is the feature of the cast. Good, however, as Mr. TOOLE certainly is, he receives admirable support from the clever and versatile Miss MARIE LINDEN, the thoroughly conscientious Miss EMILY THORNE, the intelligent and *piquante* Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH (a valuable recruit), the useful Mr. E. D. WARD, and the evergreen Mr. BILLINGTON. The Company work together with a will that quickly finds a way to the hearts of the audience. Judging from the houses that have been seen since the production of the new piece, *The Butler* during the present season will have a constant supply of Christmas Boxes, to say nothing of Stalls, Dress Circles, Pits, and Galleries.

Tennyson's Latest.

IN "*Locksley Hall after Sixty Years*"
There's many a thought to awaken tears;
Many a line both true and strong,
And one great merit—'tis not too long;
But as to the tedious *Promise of May*.
'Tis dull as a poem, absurd as a play.

SOMETHING LIKE "A POWER OF ATTORNEY."—"Lewis" in the language of Freemasonry means "strength." It required LEWIS to pull the Colin Campbell case through. And it was pulled through triumphantly by GEORGE!

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(By Our Own Paper-Knifer.)

THE Hon. HALLAM TENNYSON has been playing the part of the sweet little cherub—he has been keeping watch o'er the life of poor *Jack*. And while he has been stalking his hero, he has not neglected his talk about his adventures. Don't you see what we are driving at—*Jack and the Beanstalk*, (MACMILLAN & Co.). RANDOLPH CALDECOTT's illustrations are full of spirit and humour, and the Laureate's son would pass with honour any examination in hexameters. A book for children of all ages!

Reviewing the Books.

The Land of Little People, (HILDESHEIMER & Co.,) will also be vastly popular with little people and big.

Poems done by WEATHERLY, sparkling and featherly,
Miss DEALY's judicious, with pencil dealycious!

And so we sum it all up. But here is another book which children will clamour for. *The Queen of the Pirate Isle* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). It is full of hearty fun, or rather Bret Hartey fun, and the illustrations by Miss KATE GREENAWAY are excellent. A capital sea-story—quite a first-floor-fronter—is *The Cruise of the Black Prince*, by Commander LOVETT CAMERON. Older boys will delight in *The Chronicle of the Coach*, by J. D. CHAMPLIN, Junr. A rapid journey with plenty of wheel and very little wo, from London to Ilfracombe. E. L. CHICHESTER's clever cuts—not with the whip, but with the pencil—add materially to the pleasure of the trip. *Glad Hours* (WARD AND LOCK), by Miss MURIEL EVELYN, is an attractive volume. This version of "Evelyn's Diary," and all the pictures illustrating it, will be a favourite amongst the Tinymite Party. *The Babes in the Wood*, (RAPHAEL TUCK). The old, old story with capital new wood-cuts by WIEGAND. Ought to be called *The Babes on the Wood*. But supposing they are not wood-cuts? Supposing they are some "process,"—copper? zinc? "Of what is the old man zincing?" This is frivolous—let us inspect *The Knight and the Lady* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE), TOM HOOD's capital ancient ballad with a number of admirable new illustrations by EDWARD JESSOP. *The Theatre Annual*, is a capital one this year, and contains a wonderful variety in prose and verse. Among the principal contributors beside the editor CLEMENT SCOTT, are E. L. BLANCHARD, GODFREY TURNER, H. SAVILE CLARKE, W. ARCHER, BRAM STOKER, and VIOLET FANE. *Unwin's Annual* is a good one, with a good title—*The Witching Time*. It consists of excellent stories well told, under the editorship of HENRY NORMAN.

Doubtless we get a great deal too much Christmas literature at Christmas-time, and next year it is to be hoped the Publishers will try a change, and give us tales of frost and snow at Midsummer, and let us read verses celebrating the delights of sultry weather, the river, and the sea, at Christmas. As *Mr. Punch* enjoyed his Christmas by anticipation somewhere about last August, he does not want to hear any more about it. It is a relief to turn to Captain HAWLEY SMART's *Outsider* (WHITE & Co.). This story will probably be an "insider" during the festive season. It will be inside many a boudoir, library, and smoking-room, and add to warmth and geniality by its dashing spirit and cheery good humour. *Romantic Spain* (WARD AND DOWNEY) is a good book to read when the snow is on the ground, or during the intervals of water-pipes bursting. J. A. O'SHEA tells of his personal experiences in perturbed Spain from the abdication of AMADEUS to the entry of DON CARLOS. The book is full of adventure, and abounds in picturesque description. Very little guide-book and less history, for which the reader will be truly thankful. *Margaret Jermine* (MACMILLAN & Co.), by FAYR MADOC, might be described, in the language of vintages, as "a very fair Médoc." There is an excellent bouquet about the first volume, which, had it been sustained through the remaining two, would have supplied a novel of note. But there is scarcely sufficient body in the story to justify its dilution into three volumes. It would have been more successful as a big one-volume tale. In *Riding for Ladies* (THACKER & Co.) Mrs. POWER O'DONOGHUE (more power to her—not that she wants it) shows no signs of "falling off." Indeed, she shows her readers how to become riders, and to stick on gracefully. She sketches her pupils "in their habits as they ride," and gives them a bit of her mind about bits, and tells them all about spurs on the spur of the moment.—We heartily welcome the initial Number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The Messrs. SCRIBNER were the pioneers of that excellence in get up, printing, illustration, and literary value, which have made the American periodicals of this class famous throughout Europe. Their latest venture shows they have by no means forgotten their rare skill and admirable taste in such matters. The Number before us is well printed, capitally illustrated, and contains a great variety of valuable literary work. Of especial note is "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris," by E. B. WASHBURNE, Ex-Minister to France. This Magazine is well charged—the charge, we may note, is the harmless but necessary shilling—and, though there is no chance of its "blowing up," there is every prospect of its "going off" in England in a manner that will prove, in all respects, satisfactory to its promoters.

FATHER CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILD.

A Seasonable Colloquy, after a Celebrated Model.

"You are old, Father Christmas," the young child said,
"Yet you're true to your time to a day,
Though your hair is so white, and your nose is so red.
Tell me how you keep going, I pray."

"I am yet a mere youth," Father Christmas replied,
"Though I have such a jolly long past.
If you've got a warm heart, and shun sourness and pride,
You may keep up your youth to the last."

"You *are* old, Father Christmas," the young child remarked,
"And you do not take pills, I'll be bound;
Yet, considering how you have gobbled and larked,
Your health seems remarkably sound."

"As for COCKLE & Co.," Father Christmas replied,
"They're devoid of attractions for me;
For the lots that I take won't upset my inside,
Since I *give* even more, don't you see!"

"You're a brick, Father Christmas," the young child said,
"Yet you're rather like *Bardolph*, between us.
Say why do they give you a flushed figure-head,
That reminds one so much of Silenus?"

"Most Artists are muffs," Father Christmas replied,
"When true fancy, convention-clogged, slumbers;
But judge me, dear child, by my fame far and wide,
Not my pictures in cheap Christmas Numbers!"

THE OLYMPIANS.

A WONDERFUL place this Olympia. Quite handy to the Addison Road Station. Good omen in the name of "Addison," suggesting numbers of Spectators. Nothing so extensive has yet been seen in London. A regiment of cavalry could be equipped from the stables,—cavalry of all ages, and of many nationalities. As for infantry, there are the tiniest ponies there to suit the requirements of any nursery. We happened to look in while two of the Elephants were rehearsing. One of them evidently liked his part, but the other was inclined to throw his up, judging by the movement of his trunk. However, he was not more troublesome than any other Actor would have been under similar circumstances; and, on consideration of being permitted to intersperse a considerable amount of "gag," which he did by roaring with laughter, of course, and trumpeting (his form of advertising himself), he consented to undertake the part, and went through it in a manner that promised well for its success with the public. The Olympians were in their working dresses. The gods and goddesses seemed very tired. Æolus was making a tremendous noise in practising the wind instruments, and Apollo and Diana were arranging to rehearse the stag-hunt as we were leaving. More, after our official visit.

Going Underground to Olympia.

A LIST of the guests at the New Club last week included one "M. DE SEVERAL." No more comprehensive name since the days of Lot.

PLAYING "THE DUKS" WITH HIM.—The Coals did it. At the last meeting with his Chief he had been hauled over them, and, in a temper, he resigned. They call him Lord RANDOM CHURCHILL now.

A YOUNG HUMANITARIAN.

"OH, MAMMA, MAMMA, COULDN'T YOU INTERFERE! THERE'S A HORRID MAN SQUEEZING SOMETHING UNDER HIS ARM, AND HE *IS* HURTING IT SO!"

THE JUBILEE "MEET."

Old Huntsman loquitur:—

JUMP into the saddle, my juvenile! Just so!
You have, for a youngster, a promising seat,
'Twill serve you 'cross country, at least, lad, I trust so;
My eye is upon you, at this, your first meet.
I've witnessed so many, and so as a Mentor
You cannot do better than take *Mr. P.*,
With the eye of a hawk and the seat of a Centaur,
And so keep *your* eye, my young Nimrod, on me!
You'll have to look sharp, if you'd hold the first flight;
But just follow me, and you're bound to go right.

The first dash at anything's thrilling, my younker,
But keep a cool head and a not *too* hot heel.
You need not, of course, be a fumbler or funker,
But fate tries not only our fire, but our steel.
There is many a "nasty one" looming ahead, lad;
The run will be long, and the course may be rough;
There is no royal road in this chase when all's said, lad;
Your nerves must be steady, your muscles be tough.
Yoboicks! Tallyho! This seems capital fun;
But we are not, you see, at the end of the run.

You're lucky, my lad, such occasions to few come,
For this is a Grand Anniversary Meet.
That ought to put you on your mettle, young Newcome.
A chance such as this, youthful courage should greet.
The run will be certainly hot and exciting,
The field will be full, and the company grand,
Why, e'en an old huntsman, in caution delighting
May feel himself get just a bit out of hand.
Tallyho! Tallyho! We will go it to-day,
For such frolics as this come but once in a way.

You are fresh to the pink and the pigskin, my youngster,
So mark the Old Hand, and attend to his tip;
Don't prove what Lord TENNYSON calls a mere "tonguester;"
Don't shout, but ride straight, quiet hand, steady grip.
The prospect is foggy, some fields heavy, boggy,
And raspers and croppers may come at the close.
Good going at present, my bright adolescent?
Not much! Hark! the horn its shrill tantara blows.
Here's pace to the steady, and stay to the fleet,
And good fortune all round at the Jubilee Meet!

IN THE CRACKERS.

For Lord Salisbury.—A new Leader in the House of Commons.

Mr. Gladstone.—Free pass to the Stalls at "Olympia."

Mr. Chamberlain.—Parcel of recently imported Greek Oratorical Fire, to be used shortly, and displayed at the Athens of the North.

Sir M. Hicks-Beach.—Draft for a new Crimes Act, drawn up at Dublin, from Notes taken on the spot.

The Emperor of Russia.—The Bulgarian Constitution in a nut-shell.

M. Grévy.—Credit Note for £20,000,000, to be spent forthwith in French Armaments.

Prince Bismarck.—Materials for drawing up an Ultimatum.

The Postmaster-General.—Model of a Cunard Liner, in sugar, and set of Complimentary Verses from Liverpool Commercial Notabilities.

Mr. Parnell.—Prize Essay on "The Occasional Disadvantages of Masterly Inaction."

Sir Charles Warren.—Silver Dog Whistle, presented by subscription from the Battersea Home.

The Bulgarian Delegates.—Invitation to cordial but unofficial Interview on the back-stairs of the Foreign Office.

PUFFING A "CHURCHWARDEN" WHICH "DRAWS" WELL.—Mr. TERRY, in his new piece at the Olympic, is immensely funny. As usual nowadays, the Play is a translation from the German. Evidently, when Paris was occupied by the foreigner from beyond the Rhine, the Library of the little Theatre in the Palais Royal must have been sacked, and the contents carried off to the Fatherland. Mr. BISHOP is excellent in an eccentric character part. Mr. TERRY might advertise the Olympic as a temporary "Church House," with a Bishop and a Churchwarden as the attractions.

THE JUBILEE "MEET."

THE OLD HUNTSMAN. "YOU STICK TO ME, YOUNG SIR. *I'LL* SHOW YOU THE WAY!!"

POOR LETTER "O"!

Signor Mossini. "OW, MY LOVE! I LOVED HER SOW!
MY LOVE THAT LOVED ME YEARS AGOW!"

PUNCH'S OWN ZADKIEL FOR 1887.

January.—The year opens coldly. The appearance of the Great Bear in conjunction with Orion's Belt denotes that persons born on a Friday will suffer much distress of mind, caused either by a disappointment in love, or German measles. Aged Sovereign will suffer from headache. Political complications. Persons travelling on the 15th of the month should beware of storms. Prince BISMARCK will create suspicion.

February.—Parliament, now open, will see many changes. The Miky Way being in the house of Mars, there is reason to fear great pestilence in Eastern Australia. The 17th will be an unfortunate day for travelling to persons with red hair, and the Emperor of China. Aged Sovereign much better. Further complications. Prince BISMARCK will cause alarm.

March.—An event of great interest to the Royal Family will occur early in the month, and cause much rejoicing in some quarters, while in others it will be regarded with concealed suspicion. The appearance of Jupiter in Saturn's belt denotes that colds will be prevalent amongst persons with blue eyes, Arab agents, and the President of the United States. Aged Sovereign not quite so well. Balance of power affected. Prince BISMARCK will be carefully watched, and arouse conjectures.

April.—There will be several debates in Parliament, of very long duration. The 3rd will be unwholesome to children having mothers born on a Friday, tallow-chandlers, and the Queen of SPAIN. During the month, Venus governs the Southern Cross, denoting that there will be much rain in Suffolk, and a revolution in North America. An aged Sovereign sneezes, thus causing complications amongst the European Powers. Prince BISMARCK will conceal his policy, and create apprehension.

May.—Much stormy and sunshiny weather. The 9th will be unfortunate to those who have been married on a Wednesday, Statesmen, letter-carriers, and the King of PORTUGAL. The concord of Cancer in the house of Uranus forebodes earthquakes in Ireland and the prevalence of influenza in Northern latitudes. Much apprehension is felt in Venezuela. An aged Sovereign goes out for a walk, and returns fatigued, causing European complications of a kind not easily removed. Prince BISMARCK by his conduct provokes comment.

June.—The month commences sadly with a famine in a country ill able to bear the disaster. The 29th will be a day to be avoided by aged persons fond of athletic exercises, mariners, and the Mikado of JAPAN. The eclipse of the Gemini shadows forth much distress in Switzerland, especially amongst those holding high office in the Navy. An aged Sovereign receives intelligence of a disturbing character. Prince BISMARCK, by a stroke of unexpected policy, promotes distrust in some influential quarters.

July.—Rain and snow, in spite of the season of the year, are found in Greenland and further North. Between the 14th and 22nd poulterers and the EX-KHEDIVE of EGYPT should beware of playing on the German flute. An aged Sovereign takes a bath, a fact that has to be considered in international councils. Prince BISMARCK attracts attention.

August.—Hard times are experienced in Mexico owing to the failure of the harvest of a vegetable closely resembling the potato. The 12th is not a day to be chosen by mariners and children under four years of age for embarking in adventures requiring great energy and discrimination. An aged Sovereign was never better in his life. Prince BISMARCK causes a feeling of insecurity.

September.—Much storm in various parts of the world. Neptune, crossing the orbit of Jupiter, forebodes ill tidings to persons with red hair, and especially the Emperor of BRAZIL. An aged Sovereign suffers much from the extreme heat of the weather, and his state is regarded with interest by neighbouring monarchs. Prince BISMARCK's utterances are discredited in some quarters.

October.—The month opens with much excitement in America, produced by the dissemination of news of an alarming character. The 4th should be avoided by those intending to make a bargain, and the Imperial Family of Russia. An aged Sovereign dines half-an-hour later than usual, which causes some uneasiness. Prince BISMARCK's policy is regarded with disfavour in Southern Europe, especially Turkey, or its dependencies.

November.—London is invaded by a dense fog, which lasts for some time. The 9th is a fortunate day for the adventures of shipowners, burglars, and the President of the French Republic. An aged Sovereign is reported to be in weak health, a rumour that has its effect in the councils of Europe. Prince BISMARCK is regarded with suspicion by his fellow-statesmen.

December.—The month commences sadly in the more unhealthy parts of the West Coast of Africa. The conjunction of the Great Bear, Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars, and Uranus, in the Milky Way denotes that some disaster may occur to the junior branches of the family of the Emperor of Austria. Great fires are seen in London on or about the 24th. Ireland is threatened with commotion, and the potato is eaten largely as food by the people of that unhappy island. An aged Monarch is said to feel the cold intensely, and the report is received with interest by adjacent Monarchs. Prince BISMARCK is very reticent in his utterances, but is still regarded with surprise, distrust, unbelief, suspicion, dislike, and apprehension.

THE TRUE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY:—The proposed Victoria Jubilee Tower.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

(*Dis-played by D. Crambo, Junior.*)

Share 'ards. 'Ole made.

Van Toon. Blind Man's Buff!

FELINE AMENITIES.

"NOW WHICH OF THESE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOU MAY *I* HAVE, DEAREST? THE BEAUTIFUL ONE, OR THE ONE AS I KNOW YOU?"

DOMESTIC MELODIES.

OR, SONGS OF SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

(*By Sancho Preston Panza.*)

No. I.—"MY WIFE HAS GONE AWAY."

AGAINST a leaden sky the tree
(There 's one in my suburban garden)
Uplifts its ebon tracery,
And, as I gaze, I almost see
The scanty gravel freeze and harden;
And yet my heart is glad as May,
Because my Wife has gone away.

Sweet ties of Home! New cares in vain
Their piety essay to smother,
While those old spells the bride constrain
To play at maidenhood again,
And stay, a child once more, with Mother.
Thank goodness, Mother was not led
To come and stay with her instead.

Come hither, button-studded boy!
South, North, and West dispatch the fiery
Cross, with its tale of festal joy;
With plectral sixpences employ
The strings of the electric lyre!
Bid SMITH and BROWN and JONES attend
The feast of their recover'd friend.

To-day in Cambridge guise we 'll meet,
As when some startling work we still meant,
When dancing measures stirr'd our feet,
And hope made all the future sweet—
Before we met with its fulfilment.
We 'll spend a true Ambrosian day,
Because my Wife has gone away.

Not that I love AMANDA less,
But that I wish to love her better,
'Tis well to loose the loving stress
That makes me sometimes fail to bless
The memorable day I met her;
She putting on the final word
A value that I deem absurd.

And soon to more marital mind
You bring me back, you careless Cook,
And, thanks to MARY JANE, I find, [you!
(Like mouse unwatch'd to play inclined,)
Μεταβολὴ not παντῶν γλυκύ.
When kettles boil and boots are black,
Be sure my Wife is coming back!

ADVICE GRATIS.

JIMMY.—The correct pronunciation of "Psyche" is not "Psitch," as you seem to think. It rhymes with "Mikey." GOETHE is pronounced so as to rhyme with "Shirty." Your verses are promising.

STUDENT.—1. No; POPE did not write the *Iliad*. 2. The Great Seal is the impression on WAX of the Arms of the Kingdom, and is always borne by the LORD CHANCELLOR. It is not a marine animal of unusually large dimensions. 3. Write to the Secretary of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge. Possibly he may reply to your other queries.

BROKEN-HEARTED.—We cannot really undertake to advise you as to what is your best course. Yours is a peculiar case. It is rare for any one person to be simultaneously threatened with epilepsy, deserted by her affianced lover after the banns have been already published, bitten by a dog which has been rendered insane through being led about by a string, expelled from her lodgings for non-payment of rent, *and* thrown out of an active volcano. These events do not often happen together. Do not, at any rate, return the presents your lover gave you. If we were in your place we should convert them into cash. Then you might take out a County Court Summons against the owner of the dog, also of the volcano, and have something over for a Breach of Promise action.

VOTARY OF FASHION.—1. In paying afternoon calls, be careful to leave as many cards as there are persons in the family. Thus, if there are thirteen in all, leave thirteen cards. This is always done in the highest circles. 2. If you wish to make "kind inquiries," write P. P. C. in one corner. It is a formula which is well understood. 3. Do not take up the gravy in your plate with a spoon. It is contrary to good etiquette. You can get up as much as you want on the blade of your knife, but be sure not to cut yourself in so doing. 4. Buy *Etiquette for the Million; or, How to Behave like a Gentleman on Nothing a Year*—published at this office.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—The "Venus Milonis" means "the Venus of, or belonging to, MILO." MILO was a celebrated Greek athlete, famed for his prodigious strength. He is said to have dragged HECTOR three times round the walls of Troy *before breakfast!* He was the possessor of a beautiful Statue of Venus, the Goddess of Love, which he took, on a judgment-summons, from the house of one of his ancient Greek debtors. It is now in the British Museum.

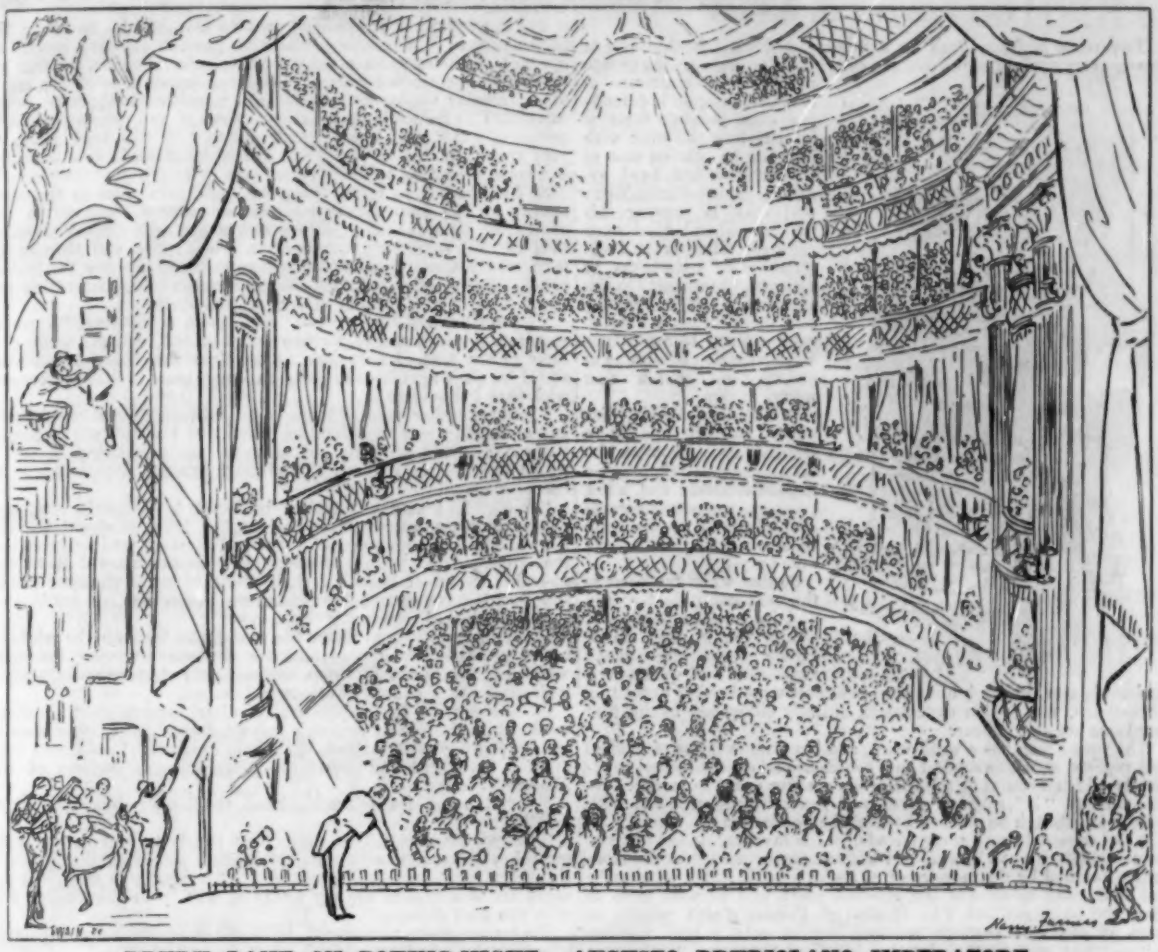
PERPLEXED.—The best handbook on bees and their management is *How I made £500 a-year out of Honey*, printed by the publisher of this paper, and to be obtained at this office.

JOHN BULL.—As nearly as possible the pronunciation is "*Partong poor lar Siry.*" The words mean, "Departing for the Far East," and are part of a song invented by GAMBETTA when the French troops set out for Tonkin. French pronunciation is easily picked up. Get *How I learned French, German, Italian, and Spanish in Three Weeks*—sold at this office.

ENTERPRISE.—You have discovered a new explosive fifty times stronger than dynamite, a single pound being capable of blowing up the largest ironclad. You ask what we should advise your doing with it. If you do not feel inclined to experiment on the Temple Bar Griffin some dark night, we should advise your communicating with the Admiralty, or the Ordnance Department, who are always overjoyed to welcome any invention which is for the public good, and which is likely to give them a great deal of trouble by superseding the methods now in use. If this plan fails, try Scotland Yard.

HARD UP.—Professors, Clerks, Pianoforte-tuners, Company-Promoters, and Beadles, are certain to get on well in the unsettled parts of North-West Manitoba. But agricultural labourers had better stay at home. They are not wanted. You say you are slightly crippled, and an invalid, and that you have been successively turned out of all your employments in England owing to incapacity, but that you are "very hopeful," and you ask whether you are likely to make a fortune easiest and quickest in Canada, the United States, or Australia. We should say your best chance would be at the South Pole. Try it.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 44.



DRURY LANE ON BOXING-NIGHT. AUGUSTO DRURIOLANO IMPERATORE.

(Rapid Sketch by Our Lime-Lightning Artist.)

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.

"The glaring sins against taste, and the most ordinary dictates of reason, perpetuated of late under the pretext of celebrating Her Majesty's Jubilee, furnish a sad and solemn warning."—*Times.*

THE following suggestive schemes for the celebration of the coming Royal Jubilee are among the latest that have come to hand:—

DITCHBOROUGH.—At a Meeting of the Town Council of this ancient borough, held yesterday morning, it was unanimously decided to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Her Gracious Majesty's accession to the Throne by the establishment of a Central Pig Market. Seeing that the town is noted for its production of pork sausages, and does an active trade in this commodity, it is felt that, while paying a delicate compliment to HER MAJESTY, the inauguration of the Market in question will at the same time subserve usefully the interests of local commerce. The Motion was received with great favour in the borough, and much enthusiasm prevailed.

WAPPINGHAM.—It has been decided that Wappingham shall mark the event of the Royal Jubilee by the erection of a new Town-pump and the opening of a local Cemetery. It is thought that the idea which thus happily associates the occasion with the supply of two public wants that have for some time been experienced in the borough, cannot fail to recommend itself favourably to HER MAJESTY'S consideration; and it has been arranged that a deputation shall visit her at Windsor for the purpose of submitting the proposition to her judgment forthwith. Local feeling runs high on the subject, and will anxiously await the Royal approval.

KETTLINGTON.—The Corporation of this town have decided to utilise the New Sewage Scheme for the purpose of celebrating the keeping of their gracious Sovereign's year of Jubilee. It is thought that a handsome public subscription will be forthcoming under the exceptional circumstances, and so enable the Corporation to complete in a substantial manner this necessary public work, and at the same time appropriately do honour to a memorable epoch in HER MAJESTY'S reign. Much local confidence is expressed that the happy idea will meet with the Royal approbation.

BLINKSWORTH.—After a good deal of discussion over several rival schemes for the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, it has at length been decided to commemorate the great occasion by the erection, subject to the control of a Limited Liability Company, of a first-class Hotel, an institution the lack of which has long been a reproach to the borough. It is hoped too, if sufficient funds are left over for the purpose, to supplement the idea by the further erection of a plaster statue of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, on a suitable pedestal, on a convenient site facing the coffee-room of the building, and it is conceived by the Authorities, that if HER MAJESTY can be induced to visit our loyal borough for the purpose of inaugurating the undertaking, that the bestowal of some local honours cannot fail to follow upon such an auspicious occasion. Altogether a most excellent feeling has been manifested in the borough on the subject.

DAMPOVER.—It was unanimously decided at the meeting of the Town Council held here yesterday, that the happiest and most fitting memorial of Her Gracious MAJESTY'S fiftieth anniversary of accession to the Throne, would be the inauguration of the New Borough Gasworks. Steps have, therefore, already been taken to organise a Committee for the purpose of arranging and carrying out the preliminaries of the undertaking, which appears to be extremely popular, and promises to enlist a large amount of sympathy.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. X.—THE OPEN-AIR RECITER.

THE scene is Hyde Park on a Sunday evening. Enthusiasts of nearly every shade of conviction and complexion are haranguing groups more or less numerous. A ringletted Italian is defending some peculiar doctrine he has brought over with him, as he sits on one of the benches, and, hard by, a fluent but incoherent Negro revivalist is waving his pinkish palms behind some railings. Here is the Positivist who undertakes to disprove Christianity in the short space of ten minutes; and there a gloomy gentleman exhorts to repentance a congregation consisting of one very small girl with an infant in arms.

A Cockney Atheist disputes publicly against a German Protestant amidst the applause of a thoroughly impartial circle; and, a few paces on, a constant succession of pallid youths drop their aspirates from a portable pulpit.

So that when we come to the next small cluster, and find its nucleus is a short sickly young man in a highly respectable black frock-coat, and with a book under his arm, it is not unnatural to expect some further exposition of doctrine, nor is this expectation entirely dissipated by the first words we are able to hear.

The young man has a weak voice, and his manner is one of studied self-repression, with a dash of that consciousness of intellectual superiority which a course of miscellaneous reading is apt to induce. He sees a nasty "h" looming ahead, and generally negotiates it with some skill, though he seems a little shaken on landing.

"The crime of murder, my friends," he is saying, "is one of those events which few can be guilty of without their consciences are more or less haunted by the memory of so awful a deed. This peculiarity has been noted by some of our greatest poets, and by none more so than the piece entitled *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, which, as some of you may perhaps recollect"—(this with a very dubious optimism)—"was written by the late TOM OOHOOD. With your permission, I shall now endeavour to recite this piece from memory."

The circle of idlers are pressing close round him, and yet one and all avoid meeting his eye, and maintain a noble British stolidity. The young man seems to have something to say, and they may as well stay where they are till they have had enough of it.

And the young man gives his rendering of the famous poem—a rendering which, it must be admitted, is consistently tame throughout. The reek from the pipes, which are within an inch or so from his nose, makes him cough at all the crises. When he addresses an impudent Street Arab, who is staring up at him, as "my gentle boy," and reminds him that it is nothing but a dream, the urchin yelps suddenly, and plunges through the ring, shrieking with impish laughter. The pallid youths close by strike suddenly into melody, and our reciter gives a shrug of despair. "Gentlemen, I'm sorry to interrupt my course, but the opposition is really too strong for me just 'ere. It's not my desire to say anything against anyone's opinions; but so much as this I will say, that some people might employ their spare time far better in storing their minds with improving literature than what they are owling out ims. I must ask you all to adjourn with me, where we shall be less disturbed."

Hereupon he moves on, but his audience remains behind, doubtful, apparently, whether their interest is sufficient, or their dignity sufficiently accommodating, to warrant any additional exertion. At last one or two bolder spirits shuffle towards him sheepishly, with an apologetic giggle, and most of the rest drift after them.

"When we were interrupted," says the Reciter, who has obviously forgotten all about it, "I had arrived at that portion of the narrative when the murderer—in which the corpse——"

"You was a sayin," says a surly man, "as you was like a Devil of the Pit."

"*Quite* right," says the Reciter, scholastically, and continues without further mishap. When he leaves ARAM in the mist, between the two stern-faced men, there is a silence—no face expresses the slightest emotion, no voice utters a word of thanks, or even criticism.

But the Reciter is apparently used to this, for he is not in the least damped. "There is yet another piece by the same hand," he opens, "on the companion subject of suicide. Suicide, whether we regard it as proceeding from a disordered intellect, or as the result of—of similar unpleasantness, is liable to serious disapproval, being calculated to reduce the population. Some of you, who occasionally peruse a paper, may have remarked a case of this kind, which is very aptly depicted by TOM 'OOD, and which I shall now have the honour of repeating by heart before you."

So he proceeds to recite the poem, and again there is the same apathy in the audience; some whisper personal remarks to one another on his appearance; others look at him with a blank surprise, as if he was something exhibited in a tent; now and then an old lady, who has been flitting from group to group sipping theological honey, like a serious-minded bee, approaches and, discovering her error, sails off with a volley of very audible sniffs.

"I don't know if I weary you," he says on concluding, "I can, if required, repeat passages, for two hours on end, without needing to refer to any text. I *have* done as much as two hours and-a-half, and I 'm quite agreeable to going on longer now, if it is the general wish that I should do so."

There is another pause; there is no enthusiasm, but no dissent, and at length a more appreciative member of the audience responds, "Spout away if yer like, old man, no one's 'indering of yer!" which the Reciter, perhaps not without grounds, accepts as warm encouragement.

"Well," he concedes, "I shall be happy to oblige the company. Some among you may have studied English Litry, as recorded in the learned and luminous pages of YUME and SMOLLIT, and will recollect that great writer's pathetic description of the execution of MARY, the so-called Queen of Scots. I shall now give you a dialogue she is supposed to have uttered a few moments before she laid her 'ead on the fatal block."

It would be tedious to follow the young man through the whole of his programme, which resembles one of those revolving fireworks which are always about to stop, and suddenly starting again, with a whiz, and a total change of colour and design.

On returning to his neighbourhood, after various short absences, we find him alternately exulting over the destruction of Sennacherib, and explaining what battle is to "Little PETERKIN," and finally conducting a reduced and exhausted party through portions of the *Deserted Village*.

When the last feat is accomplished, the Reciter stops, satiated at length.

"I hope, Gentlemen," he says, "my efforts to provide you with mental entertainment of a more intellectual sort than that you get elsewhere have not been unwelcome. It is coming on dark, and the night air is not good for my voice, so, with your permission, I'll wish you good evening."

His hearers make no response, with one exception,—a young man, who offers him a penny, which he declines with dignity.

"You misunderstand," says the Reciter. "I do what I have done to-night with no idea of making money by it,—only to improve the popular taste, and lead them, if possible, to read and think for themselves."

The crowd disperses, too indifferent, or, it may be, too shy, to express any gratitude for his exertions; and the Open-Air Reciter goes away alone, with the sense of being a public benefactor for his sole reward.

One cannot help suspecting that, whether he is conscious of it or not, some more personal motives have been at the bottom of his proceedings; but who will grudge him a vanity which assumes so harmless and well-meaning a form, and which will probably gild his week's work for him with the recollection of the evening past on which he had an audience all to himself, and the anticipation of the evening to come when his innocent excitement may be repeated?

Mr. Punch rather fancies he has met amateurs of far higher standing whose self-satisfaction and incompetence were not less pronounced, whilst their taste in selection was decidedly inferior to those exhibited by this humble specimen of the irrepressible race of reciters, to whom, as he takes a not unkindly leave of him, he will only wish increased lung-power, and a more demonstrative audience on the next occasion on which it pleases him to take the field.

Two Jubilee Editions of *Shakspeare* are to be issued; one, we are told, is the work of Messrs. IRVING AND MARSHALL, and the other is brought out by Messrs. VIRTUE. We hope the names are synonymous.

MRS. RAM came over from Calais to Dover the other day. She said that it wasn't so much the sea as the osculation of the boat that upset her.

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